

our ² ~~formed~~ circle - It
rends my heart, it makes me
feel like huddling miserably in
a dark corner, it takes suddenly
all the brightness out of the
days... I long for reassurances.

Sydney, is it possible that
when you said this "and in spite
of my confidence in the future I
would want it all to go by the
wayside now" - that you meant
you'd like not to have met me
- just to have it erased?? Not
for anything in the world would
I give up any of the time we've
spent together! I am so thankful
that I know you (notice I don't
say knew!)

Must you have all or

BIRD TAYLOR

Wednesday

Dearlly beloved -

(This begins like a sermon! -
it isn't.)

Your letter of Monday is
received with very queer feelings...
Am I not a funny person? I don't
want you to love me too com-
pletely - I don't want you to urge
me to marry you any more
until January, when we see each
other. And yet when you begin
to speak of us in the past tense,
when you say "my ^{for you} affection and
attachment has undoubtedly been
very pronounced," when you sound
as though you are receding out

nothing? I ³ love you more than
anyone - and in a great many
ways, my dear - tender and gay
and deep and passionate... But
we must wait until we know
each other better - until there
isn't any doubt - until we're sure
we've a solid enough foundation
to build on.

Darling, don't you see that
I'm just trying to be perfectly
sane and level-headed? I want
to do what is best for both of
us... Sometimes I love you so
much that I nearly ~~don't~~ sit
down and write you to come
on Thanksgiving. But I do not
let myself write you when I
feel like that because I remember

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there are other times when I
think I'd like to wait a
year or go traveling around
a few months, - when I like
being so free and fast-loose.

Of course I ~~know~~ ^{remember} that if
I insist on waiting several months
or even a year I might lose
you. And that frightens me. (I
can't imagine being quite without
you!) But I am not going to let
that determine me - it wouldn't
be fair to either of us - or safe.
~~Remember~~, Dearest, did you ever
think there's as much in this
waiting idea for you as for me?
And about you calling
me - I am tickled and happy

I wonder what I thought about
all the time before that ??... Because
now you are so constantly in my
mind. Incidentally, I love you
more now than even when
we were together. There's a queer,
impregnable, sort of conversation
about me that prevents me from
caring deeply about people or
things suddenly... They have to
grow on me.

Almost, in spite of school and
everything I wish you were on
your way to Corpus now - or there.
Because then I would see you
soon!... But not quite. Because, as
I told you once before, I want
to be good for you and not bad for
you. And I ~~don't~~ believe it would

6

be unfortunate for you to miss a
semester of school. So I shall insist
on hoping that you're in Wash-
ington!

There had better be a letter
~~for~~ me tomorrow! If not - o, well
I shall ~~not~~ do anything about it.
not even keep from writing
myself or shorten my letter or
make it casual. Just merely
forlorn.

I'm glad you enclosed the
poem about "a thing of beauty".
I've always liked it and never
known the rest of it.

Goodnight, dearest. Do you
still love me? Devotedly, Bird,